

AUTUMN ISSUE  
No. 6

THE

# SPIRIT



10¢

*The* **SPIRIT**  
GIVES YOU  
**TRIPLE VALUE**  
in Humor, Action  
and Adventure!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

"Let me show **YOU** too,  
HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF  
**COMMANDO-TOUGH**  
inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**  
whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British  
forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift,  
powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick  
time I can put inches of "anabolic muscles" on your arms!  
Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And  
power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze  
you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a  
panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give  
me a fighting chance to do it for you.



"The Jowett System  
is the greatest in the  
world!" says R. F. Kelly,  
Physical Director  
Atlantic City.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which  
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned  
to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any  
other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven  
its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world.  
And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no  
matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you  
right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring  
to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully  
satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED  
METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

**PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT**  
Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A  
Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength  
that will surge through your muscles.

## READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSAMONTI**, Jowett-trained  
athlete who was named America's  
first prize-winner for Physical  
Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**, Champion  
Strength Athlete of South Africa,  
says he, "I owe everything to  
Jowett methods." Look at this  
chest—then consider the value of  
the Jowett Courses!

## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of  
weaklings to muscular power. Packed with  
photos of miracle men of might and muscle  
who started perhaps weaker than you are.  
Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in  
strength that inspired his pupils to follow  
him. They'll show you the best way to  
might and muscle. Send for this FREE  
gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS  
STRONG MEN.

**FREE!**



## BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF Send for These FIVE Famous Courses NOW in BOOK FORM ONLY 25c EACH or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-  
building courses, are available in book  
form to all readers of this publication  
at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5  
for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your  
family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically  
fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by  
following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-  
building!

## 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books  
for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for  
25c. If you're not delighted with these famous  
muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL  
results within ONE WEEK, send them back and  
your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you!  
And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT  
COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of  
the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles  
of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-61 New York 1, N. Y.



## FREE GIFT COUPON!



Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-61 (New York 1, N. Y.)

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send  
by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for  
which I enclose ( ). Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

- ☐ All 5 courses for... \$1 ☐ Molding Mighty Legs 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Arm 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Grip 25c
- ☐ Molding a Mighty Back 25c ☐ Molding a Mighty Chest 25c
- ☐ Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less  
than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME.....AGE.....

(Please Print Plainly. Include Zone Number)

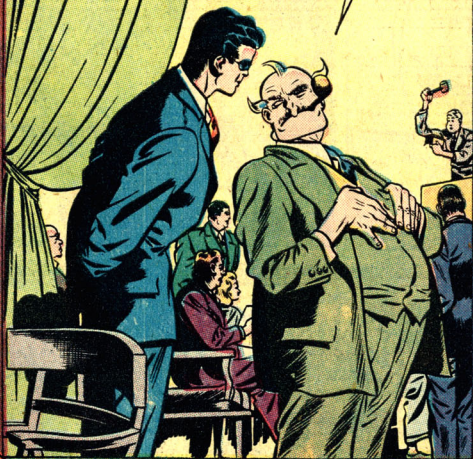
ADDRESS.....



# THE SPIRIT

WELL, DOLAN! OUR  
POLICE COMMISSIONER  
TURNS *CONNOISSEUR*,  
ATTENDING AN AUCTION  
OF *ANTIQUES*!

IF YOU WERE ON THE  
BEAM, *SPIRIT*, YOU'D KNOW  
WHY I'M HERE! THESE THINGS  
WERE PART OF THE FORTUNE OF  
*STEYNE VILLIER*, THE  
SOCIETY RACKETEER!...  
I'M WATCHING TO SEE  
IF ANY OF HIS PALS  
TURN UP!





# The Spirit



WAIT!...I WANT TO BID ON THAT!



OH, DEAR-- MY GUESTS ARE DUE! WILL YOU WRAP THE MUSIC BOX AND SEND IT AFTER ME?



LEMME CARRY IT OVER, MIST' AWKSHUNEER!



ALL RIGHT, MY LITTLE MAN!... TAKE IT TO MRS. SHORT--AND HERE'S A QUARTER!



WE'RE GIVING AWAY SAMPLE SODAS, SONNY! WANT ONE?



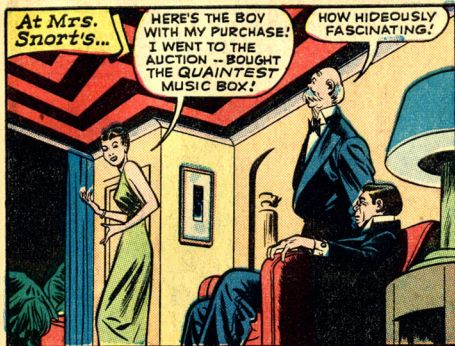
MMM--YUM!-- SHO' HITS THE SPOT!



2

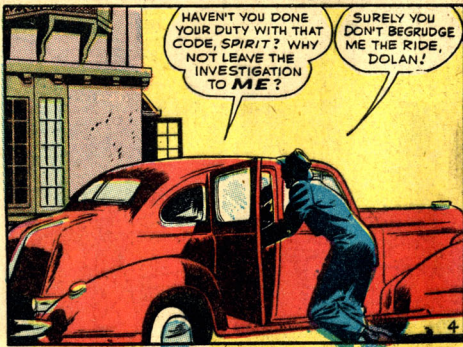
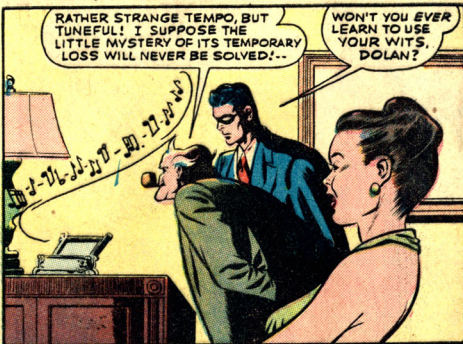
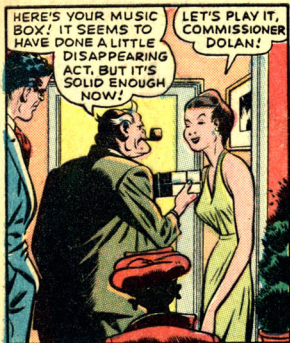


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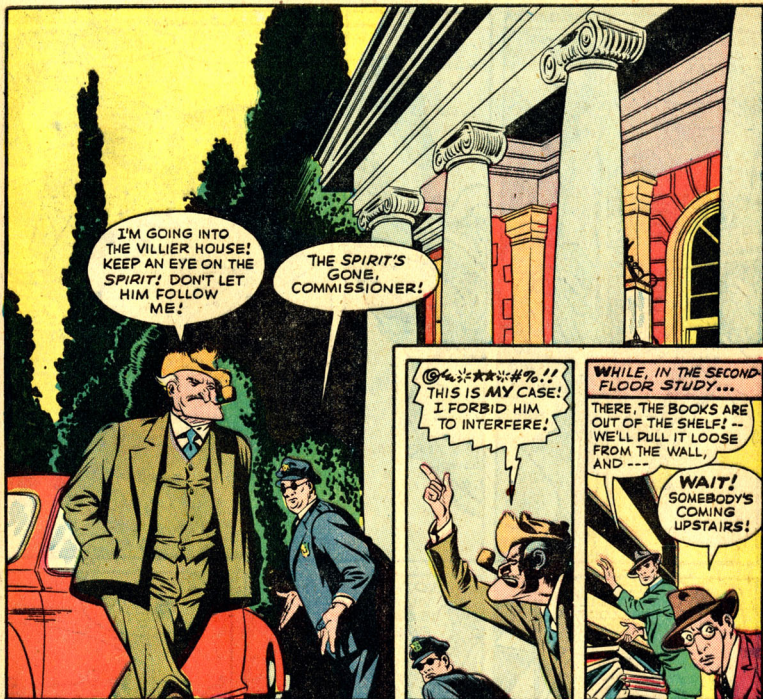




# The Spirit







I'M GOING INTO THE VILLIER HOUSE! KEEP AN EYE ON THE SPIRIT! DON'T LET HIM FOLLOW ME!

THE SPIRIT'S GONE, COMMISSIONER!



THIS IS MY CASE! I FORBID HIM TO INTERFERE!

WHILE, IN THE SECOND FLOOR STUDY...

THERE, THE BOOKS ARE OUT OF THE SHELF! -- WE'LL PULL IT LOOSE FROM THE WALL, AND ---

WAIT! SOMEBODY'S COMING UPSTAIRS!



WHY, IT'S COMMISSIONER DOLAN! COME IN-- BECAUSE YOU'RE NEVER GOING OUT AGAIN!

NOT IN ONE PIECE, ANYWAY!



YOU WOULDN'T DARE MOLEST ME -- THE POLICE COMMISSIONER! THIS TOWN WOULDN'T HOLD YOU!

WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH TO LEAVE TOWN WITH! WE KNOW WHERE STEYNE VILLIER HID HIS HEAVIEST LOOT!



SOMEWHERE IN OR BEHIND THAT STUDY SHELF---

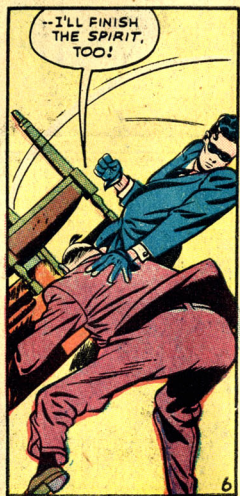
THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO BE SURE OF!



YOU STOLE THE MUSIC BOX LONG ENOUGH TO READ THE CODE AS WE DID! BUT YOU KNEW WHAT VILLIER MEANT! NOW WE TAKE OVER!

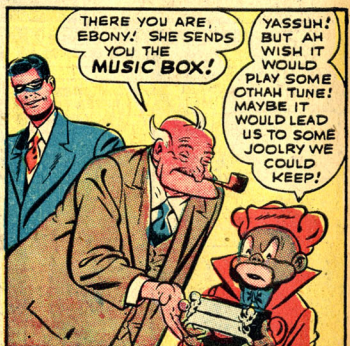
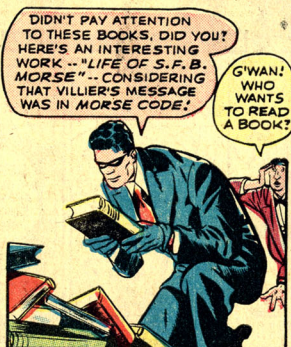
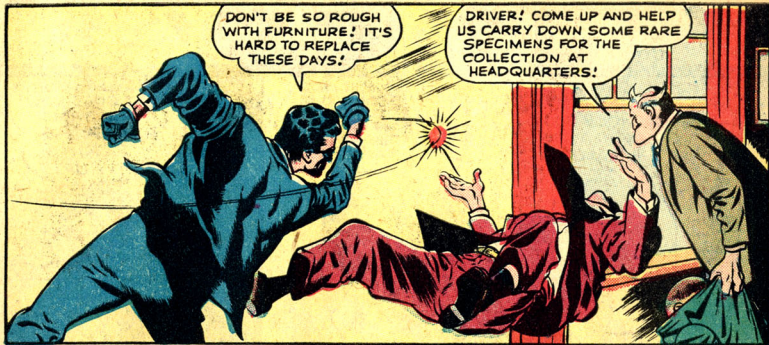


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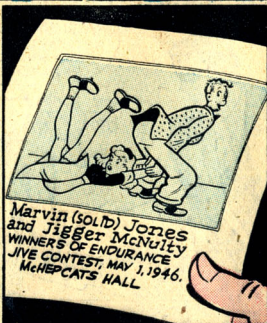
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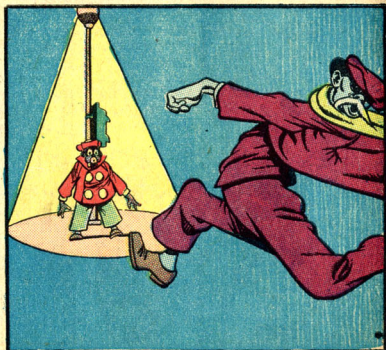
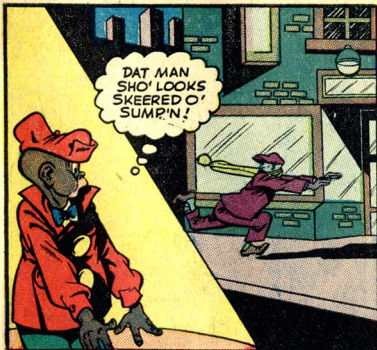


The Spirit,

# JONES

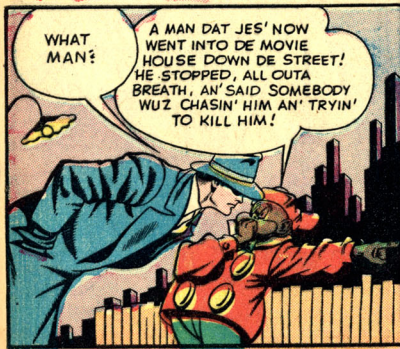
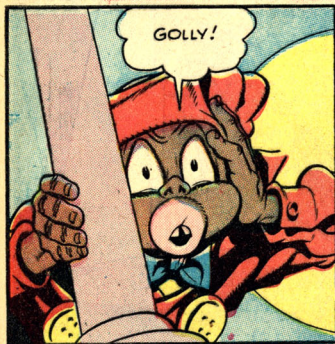






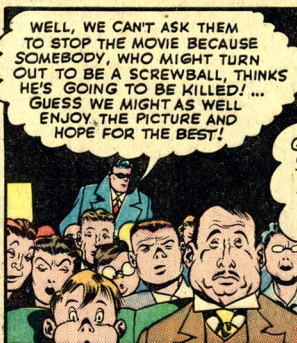


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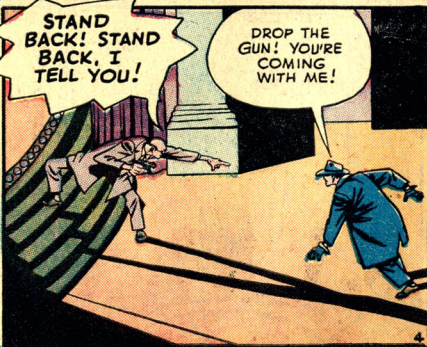
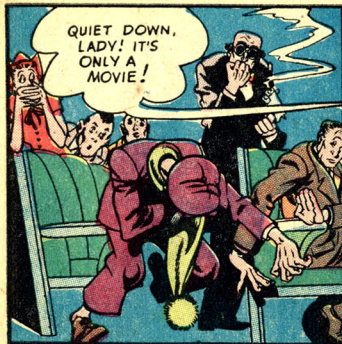


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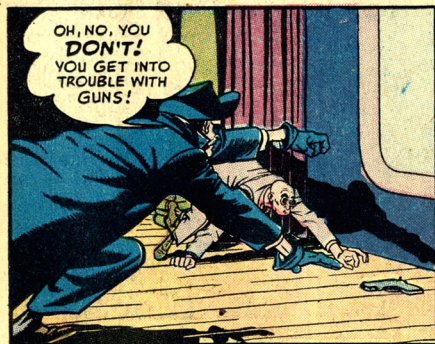
# The Spirit



DROP THE GUN! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

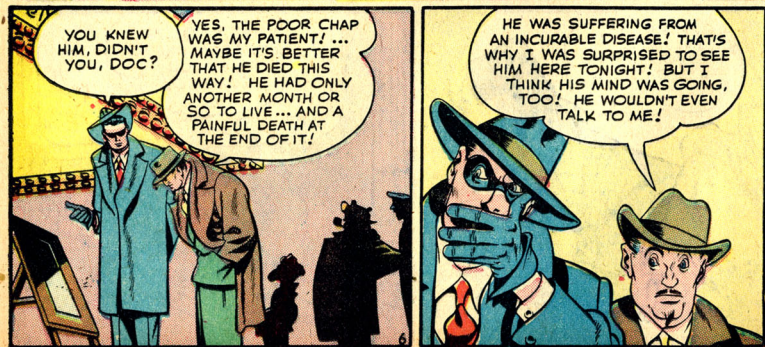
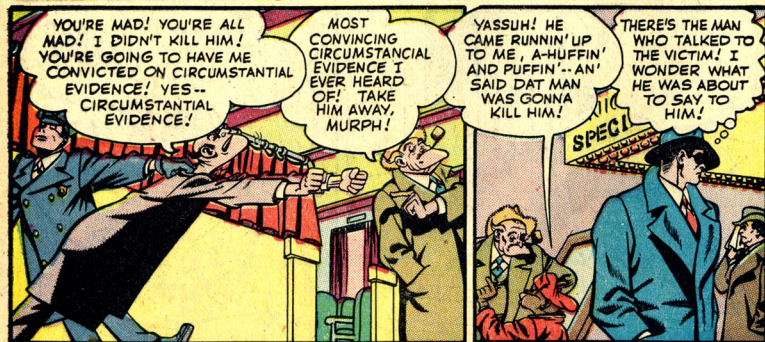


# The Spirit





# The Spirit

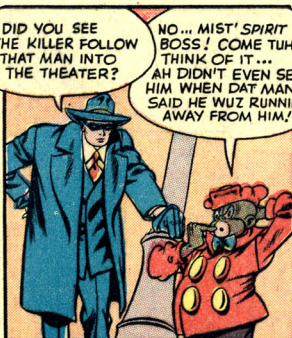




# The Spirit



HOLY COW!  
WHY DIDN'T I  
THINK OF THAT  
BEFORE?... HEY,  
EBONY!



DID YOU SEE  
THE KILLER FOLLOW  
THAT MAN INTO  
THE THEATER?

NO... MIST' SPIRIT  
BOSS! COME TUH  
THINK OF IT...  
AH DIDN'T EVEN SEE  
HIM WHEN DAT MAN  
SAID HE WUZ RUNNIN'  
AWAY FROM HIM!



DOLAN, HAS  
THE PRISONER  
MADE A  
STATEMENT,  
YET?

NO... WE'RE  
LETTING  
HIM COOL  
OFF  
FIRST!

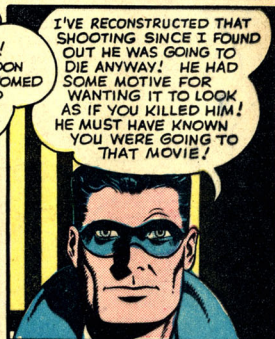


I'VE BEEN  
A SAP! LET'S  
TALK TO HIM!  
HE DIDN'T  
DO IT!

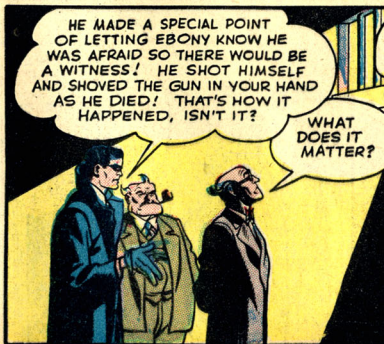
ARE YOU  
NUTS?  
YOU SAID  
HE DID!



I WANT TO APOLOGIZE!  
I WAS TOO HASTY! YOU  
COULDN'T HAVE KILLED HIM!  
HE'D HAVE SEEN YOU AS SOON  
AS HIS EYES GOT ACCUSTOMED  
TO THE DARKNESS AND  
HE'D HAVE RUN AWAY  
OR CRIED OUT!



I'VE RECONSTRUCTED THAT  
SHOOTING SINCE I FOUND  
OUT HE WAS GOING TO  
DIE ANYWAY! HE HAD  
SOME MOTIVE FOR  
WANTING IT TO LOOK  
AS IF YOU KILLED HIM!  
HE MUST HAVE KNOWN  
YOU WERE GOING TO  
THAT MOVIE!



HE MADE A SPECIAL POINT  
OF LETTING EBONY KNOW HE  
WAS AFRAID SO THERE WOULD BE  
A WITNESS! HE SHOT HIMSELF  
AND SHOVED THE GUN IN YOUR HAND  
AS HE DIED! THAT'S HOW IT  
HAPPENED, ISN'T IT?

WHAT  
DOES IT  
MATTER?



DON'T BE A FOOL, MAN! ... I FEEL  
RESPONSIBLE ... AND I'M JUST  
THEORIZING! THEY CAN SEND  
YOU TO THE CHAIR UNLESS YOU  
CAN PROVE HE HAD A MOTIVE  
IN MAKING IT LOOK LIKE A  
WELL TIMED MURDER!

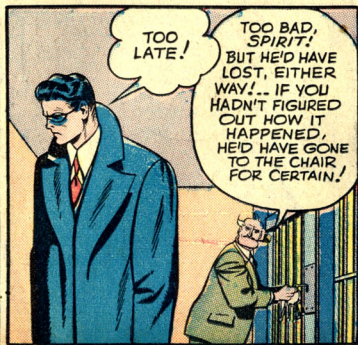
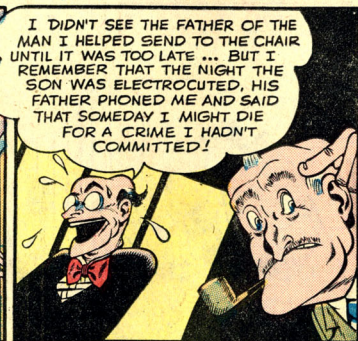
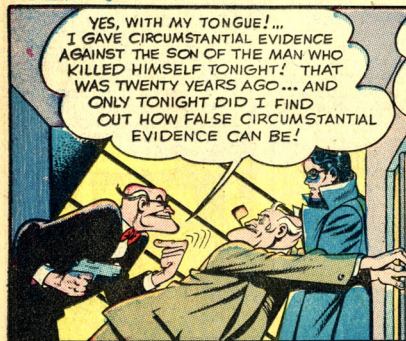
I  
DON'T  
CARE!



# The Spirit



STOP IT, SPIRIT! OUR JOB IS TO GET CONVICTIONS! WE'RE NOT DEFENSE LAWYERS!





# THE SPIRIT



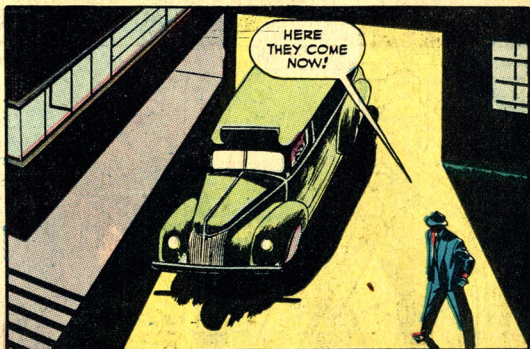
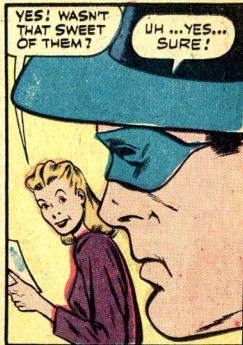
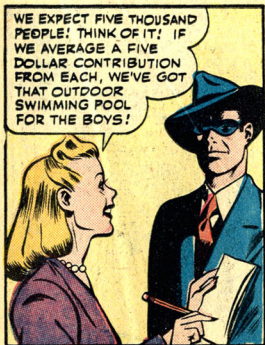


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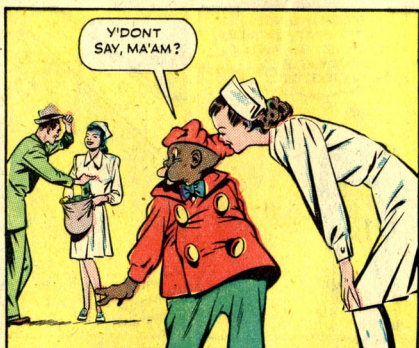
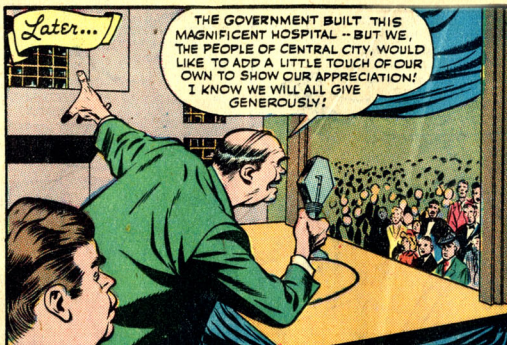


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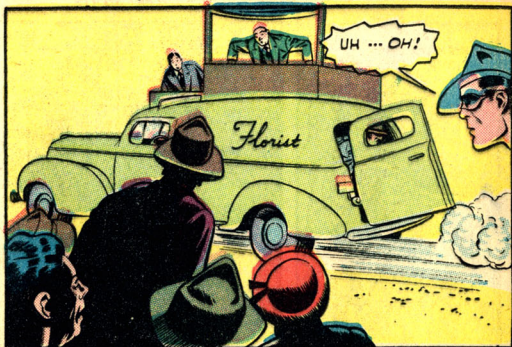


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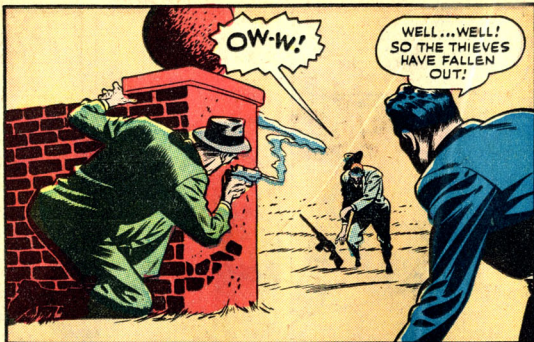


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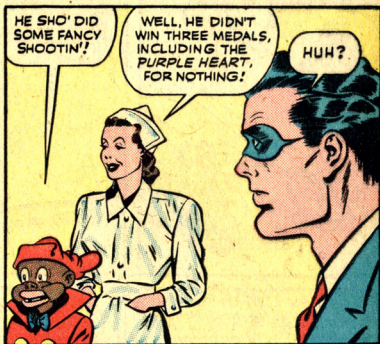
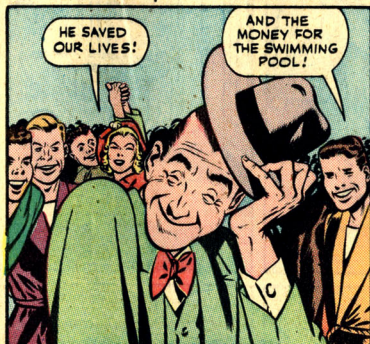




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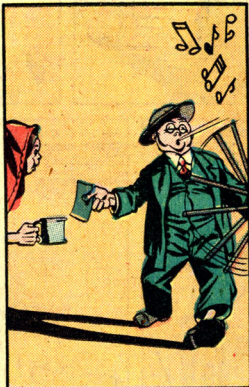
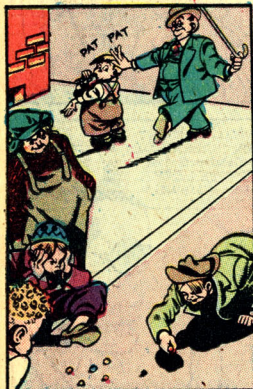






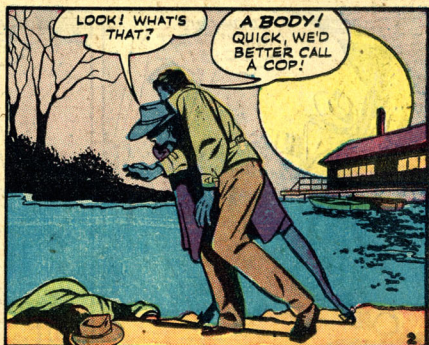
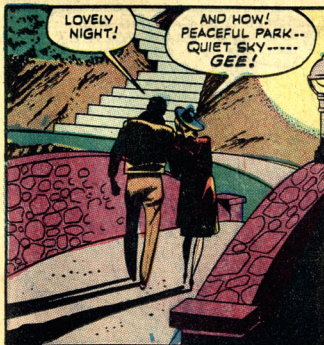
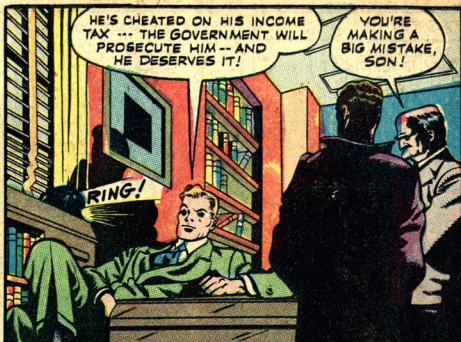


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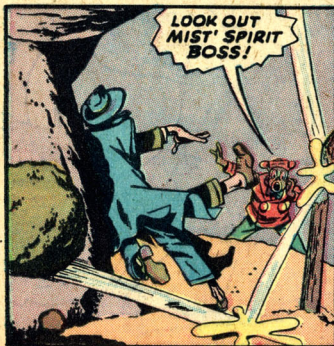
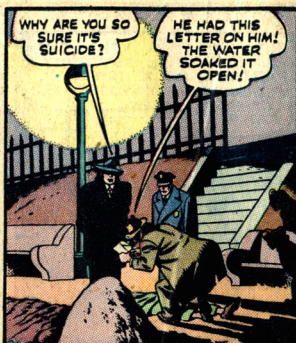
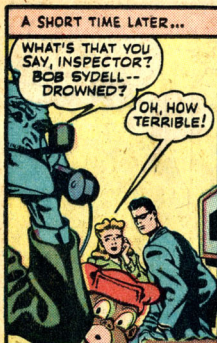


# The Spirit





# The Spirit





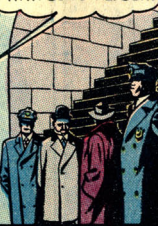
# The Spirit

AT THE PARK VILLA, DOLAN AND THE SPIRIT CONDUCT AN INVESTIGATION ...

FOUR SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS ROUNDED UP! WE'LL START WITH THIS YOUNG LADY!



I FOLLOWED BOB SYDELL AROUND BECAUSE I LOVED HIM--AND WORRIED ABOUT HIM-- APPARENTLY WITH GOOD REASON!



I'M J.F. GRAME SYDELL'S PARTNER! HE LEFT THE OFFICE IN A STRANGE MOOD! I FOLLOWED BECAUSE I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HIM!



AND I'M MR. GRAME'S CLIENT! I WAS TRYING TO FIND HIM TO DISCUSS LAW BUSINESS!

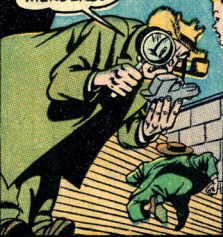


LOOK WHAT THIS GUY HAD ON HIM!



WHAT OF IT? YOU SAY BOB SYDELL WAS DROWNED!

HHMM! I THINK I KNOW THESE FINGERPRINTS! THEY'VE BOBBED UP IN A COUPLE OF UNSOLVED MURDERS!

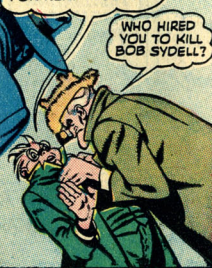


HE'S RUNNING, DADDY!

THIS IS OUR MURDERER, SPIRIT!



OKAY, NO USE TRYING TO HOLD OUT! I'M A PROFESSIONAL KILLER--REASONABLE RATES FOR NEAT RUBOUTS--



WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL BOB SYDELL?

I DIDN'T KILL HIM! I WAS GOING TO, BUT JUST AS I WAS CATCHING UP WITH HIM NEAR THE LAKE, I SAW---

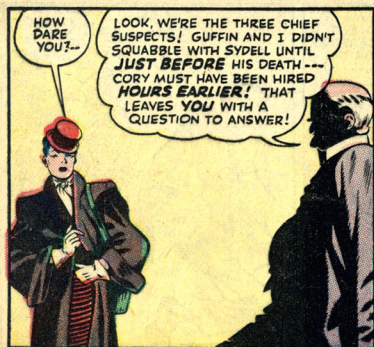


AGH ... GAAAAAAA!!

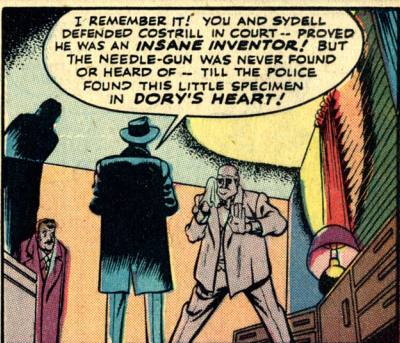
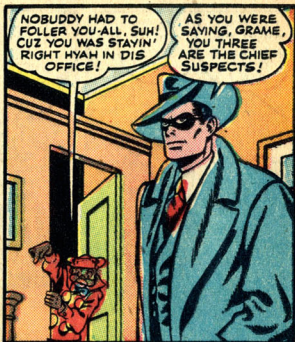




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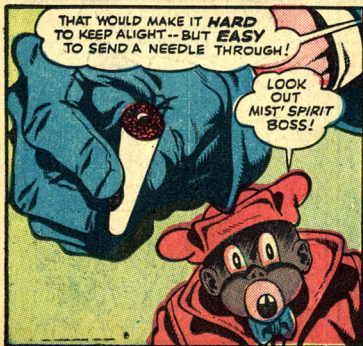






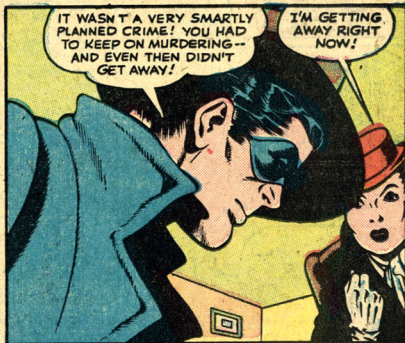


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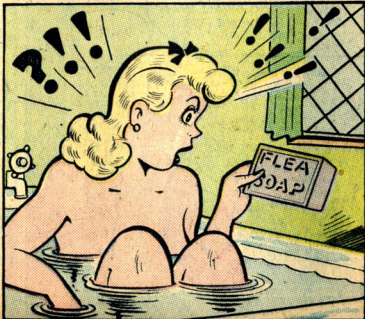
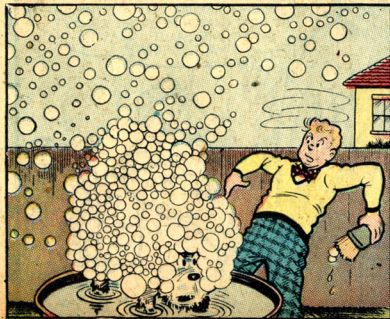
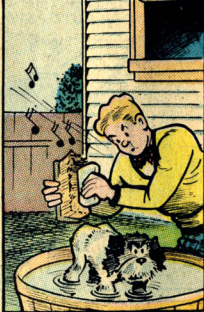
# The Spirit





The Spirit

# JONESY





**Alibi...**... A CROOK'S EXCUSE THAT ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE "PERFECT" (PERFECT ALIBI).

ALH.  
(PERFECT)  
Badge (Policeman's)...  
INCENTIVE FOR JOINING  
POLICE DEPARTMENT.  
MAINT BRICK DW... AND

Cell... A QUAIN BRICK DWELLING  
WITH IRON DOORS AND CROSS  
VENTILATION.

**HMF!**

**CHIEF OF POLICE**... a civil service job with little to do!  
**Cop**... polite way of saying **POLICEMAN**.  
**Copper**... a favorite underworld expression, never used without the adjective "dumb"!

ER—HELLO,  
FLATFOOT!

I WANT YOU TO GO TO WORK ON THIS CASE! HERE'S OUR FIRST CLUE...

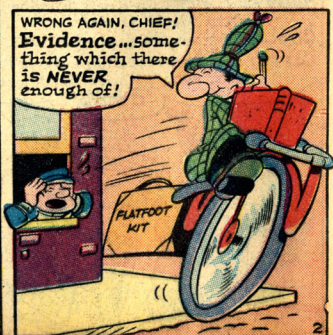
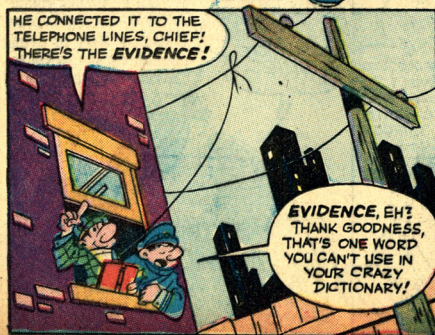
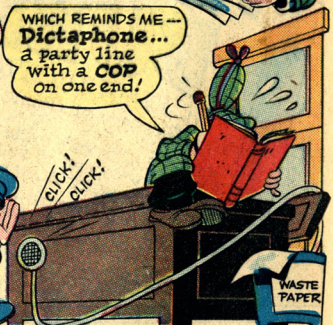
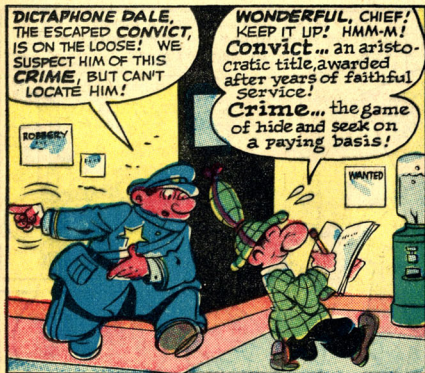
HMM-M... THANKS, CHIEF!  
AH! ANOTHER DEFINITION!  
Clue... key to crime  
detection - a subtle  
hint! Example:  
A cracked  
safe!

FLATFOOT  
BURNS'  
CRIME  
DICTIONARY

**SAFE**



# The Spirit





# The Spirit

I HOPE THAT, IN TRACING THESE TELEPHONE POLES TO LOCATE THE ESCAPED CONVICTS, I'LL ALSO GET MORE MATERIAL FOR MY **CRIME DICTIONARY!**

HMM-M... I ALMOST FORGOT AN IMPORTANT DEFINITION!... **Flatfoot Kit**... a device for getting **ME** out of devilish predicaments!

AH! AT LAST, THE... **Hideout**... a deserted, abandoned, beaten-down building, a thousand miles from nowhere --- with a phone!

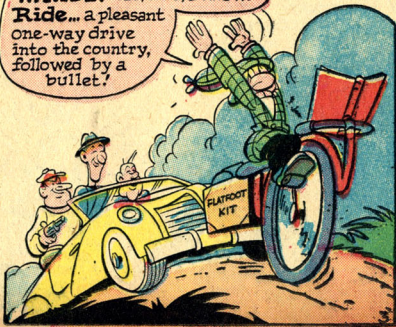
I TELL YOU, DALE, WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT **HOT MONEY!**

**Hot money**... a name for stolen money which has been swiped...

**Gang**... (PLURAL)... more than **one** crook ... **GULP!**

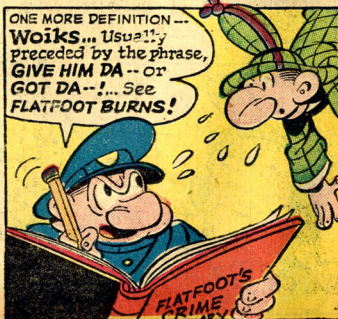
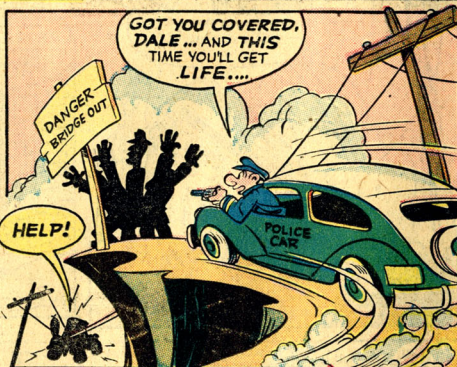
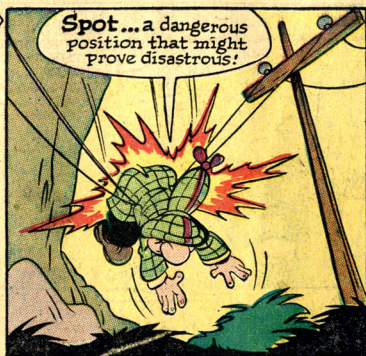
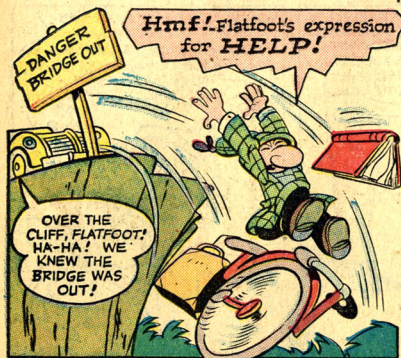
WELCOME, MR. BURNS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A NICE LONG.....

...**RIDE?** YES, DALE, I KNOW! **Ride**... a pleasant one-way drive into the country, followed by a bullet!



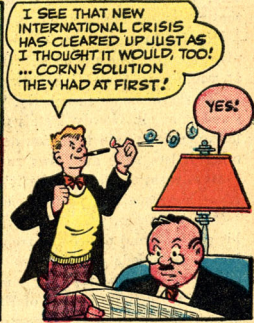
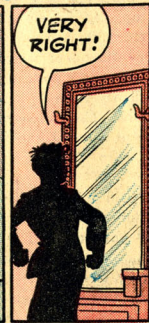
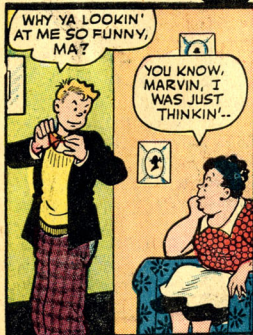


# The Spirit





# JONES Y





# RUSTLERS' BOOMERANG

THE sheriff of El Dorado sat stiffly listening to a tirade that emanated from the heavy lips of Pete Hinchley, rancher.

"It's been goin' on fer months now, Clate. What have ya done? Nothin'. I'm losing fifty head o' cows every week. If you can't stop this here rustlin', then we better have a new sheriff!"

"I'm doing all I can, Pete," the sheriff said mildly. "I've got posesses out almost all the time. They never run onto a clue. And the only cows being run off are yours."

Pete glared at the sheriff. "Because I got the easiest spread fer 'em to operate from, that's why. Well, I want action, Clate. Soon!" With that, the angry rancher stalked out of the office.

Howdy Andrews, one of the sheriff's deputies, stepped into the office. "Old Pete clawin' at you again, Clate?" he asked.

The sheriff nodded somberly. "I can't understand it at all, Howdy. Pete's the only hombre losing cows. Why'n tarnation don't some of the other fellers have any cows run off?"

Howdy shrugged. "Mebbe it's the way Pete says—his place is a perfec' spot fer rustlin'."

"Yeah, Mebbe." The sheriff got up, hitched his gun belt and pulled the front of his big hat lower. He strode out into the bright sunshine and leaned against the door jam, while he idly took in the little to be seen of El Dorado. There wasn't much. It was a one-street town, in a region of one-street towns.

For five years he had been sheriff of El Dorado County. He had seldom had much trouble. Of the bad men he had tracked down, none had got away. He had even run down several rustling outfits and a few owlhoots. This now— He couldn't figure it at all.

His posesses were all good men, as good as they came. Then why the devil couldn't they uncover some clue? Well, they had found one clue; but then, everybody else knew about that one—tracks of cattle crossing the river on Pete's land. Rustled cattle tracks! That didn't do much good. They never got a line on the rustlers themselves.

Election was coming up. Unless he—Sheriff Clate Boone—ran the critters down, he'd stand

a small chance of being re-elected.

"Howdy!" the sheriff called. Howdy Andrews stepped out on the porch. "Son, we've gotta do something and do it mighty quick. Pete's out after my hide."

The deputy nodded. He said gloomily, "We can't find them rustlers if they ain't to be found, Clate."

"But they are to be found, Howdy—some-where. And we must find 'em soon, I'm ridin' out tonight myself. You stick around here."

About the time Sheriff Boone rode into the hills that evening, another rider pulled his big roan horse up near a clump of trees overlooking the river. He had an unobstructed view of the silvery ribbon of water directly below him. The river made a peculiar bend about two hundred yards beyond the promontory where he sat on his horse. Thickly covered with willows and sedge, that part of the river was totally blotted out; only directly below him was it open water.

The moon slid up over the mountains and picked out the shiny star on the man's chest. He was a deputy marshal.

Sheriff Boone rode quietly through the hills, keeping off the main trails, hoping something would happen that might give him a lead on all the trouble. Nothing did. He rode on, alert.

In the bunkhouse office of Pete Hinchley, four men were seated. Pete was talking:

"Tonight we make it a good one, boys. More than a hundred head. If we put this over well, I'm thinkin' old Clate Boone won't be sheriff come next election. Now, boys, get to work, and be careful!"

Two hours had passed. Still, the marshal sat on his horse there above the river, watching. He wasn't quite sure what he expected to see. He merely had an idea. Sheriff Boone had communicated with him and he knew the trouble old Clate was going through. Something about Clate's account hadn't rung true. Or at least, something was missing. He had ridden a long



way just to get a firsthand view.

A sudden shot made the marshal tense on his horse. The shot had come from a long distance. No others followed, but an ominous silence clamped down on the night. Then, faintly, he thought he heard yelling and shouting, and a growing rumble as of hooves pounding over the earth.

Back on the Hinchley ranch a bunch of cattle were running along in a straggly group. Around them a dozen or more punchers rode madly, shouting and firing their guns to keep the cattle headed in the right direction. Each of the riders had on a mask. Rustlers!

A man came running out of the Hinchley bunkhouse yelling "Rustlers! Come on, boys!" And soon another dozen men were pounding on horseback toward the sounds of cattle running.

One man Pete Hinchley dispatched toward town to get the sheriff and his men. Then he leaped into his saddle and took out after his other boys.

Up on the cliff the marshal had a good view of what followed. The bunch of cattle, hard driven by men on horseback, came plunging and leaping down the river bank. They splashed into the water and galloped across the shallow stream, making a great fuss.

"Rustlers, by gum!" said the marshal to himself. He could see the men's masks. He knew they were Hinchley cattle. He heard the band of cowboys coming fast behind the stolen cattle, and knew there would be gunplay soon.

But he was mistaken. The cattle were headed over the stream and they quickly disappeared around a bend in the river, the outlaws behind them, riding quietly now. He could hear their noisy movement beyond the bend but could not see them. There was more splashing, then the rumbling sound of hooves grew quiet.

The Hinchley cowboys broke out on the river bank, yelling and calling to one another. The marshal could see that they had lost the outlaws. They milled about for a few minutes and when Hinchley himself rode into view there was a short colloquy, then the men wheeled their mounts and headed back into the willows. The rustlers had got away.

Wait! A sudden idea hit the marshal. He drew his horse away from the cliff edge and

spurred him into the hills. He didn't like the looks of this.

It took him twenty minutes to ride down, cross the river and reach the hidden bend. And then he made a great discovery. The cattle tracks ended just around the bend! He made a close inspection and instantly saw why. It was clever!

The man Hinchley had sent to town rounded up Deputy Howdy who in turn gathered together about fifteen men. As the marshal made his astounding discovery, these men were pounding over Hinchley land in the direction of the river. Hinchley rode with them, berating the sheriff and each one of them for being fools.

"A hundred head if there was one!" Pete shouted. "And where's the sheriff? Where?"

At that very moment, Clate Boone rode out of a clump of willows near the bend of the river and called softly to the marshal. "Hi, Pat!"

Pat jumped. "You, Clate! Then you saw it?"

"Course I saw it," replied the sheriff. "I never suspected it till tonight. Slickest little scheme I ever saw."

They shook hands. "Well, I guess you didn't need me, Clate. I'm glad I was on the ground to see it, however. I'm thinking there's a little surprise coming to a certain hombre, eh?"

The sheriff swore. "And all this time that polecat's been pilin' it on me! Come on, Pat. We got some business to attend to."

The two lawmen rode across the river and on over Hinchley land. When they reached the bunkhouse they dismounted and stood, surveying the group of deputies and Pete's men who were all arguing and shouting.

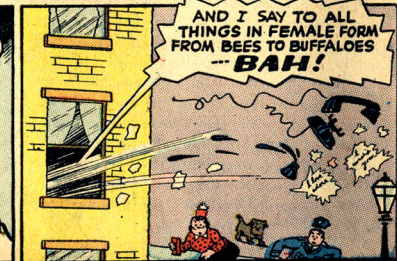
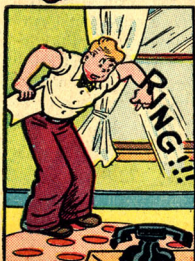
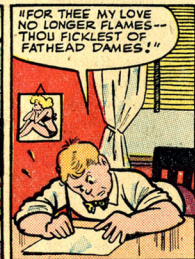
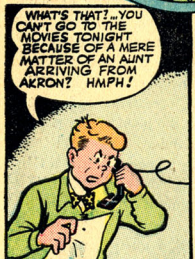
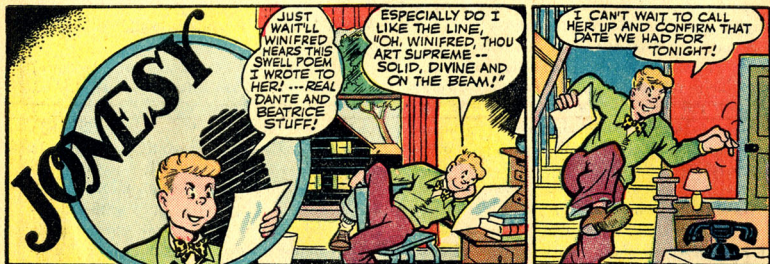
"Listen, boys," called the sheriff. "Me and Pat Barnum, the marshal, here, know just what happened. I'm arresting you, Pete Hinchley, is what I'd like to say. Only I can't. But I can say this: I'll give you twenty-four hours to get outa the county—you and all yer polecat cowpokes who're in on your dirty trick. Rustlin' yer own cattle and then driving them back over the river!"

Pete cursed and spluttered. A murmur of anger stirred through the deputies' ranks.

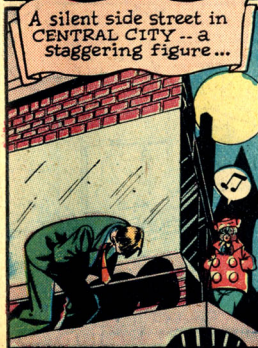
"We saw the hull thing, boys," said the sheriff. "We can show you just where the cows were driven back across the river. You'll find 'bout a hundred cows with wet hooves if you care to take the trouble."



# The Spirit

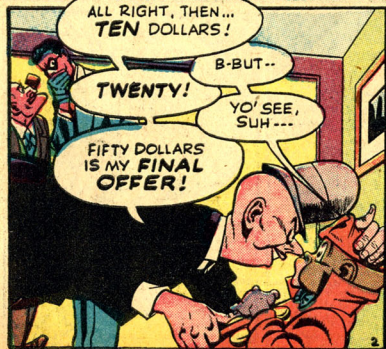
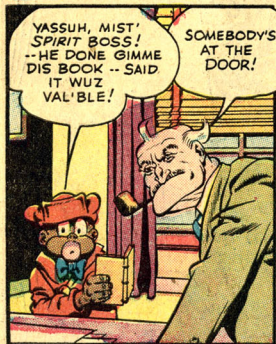
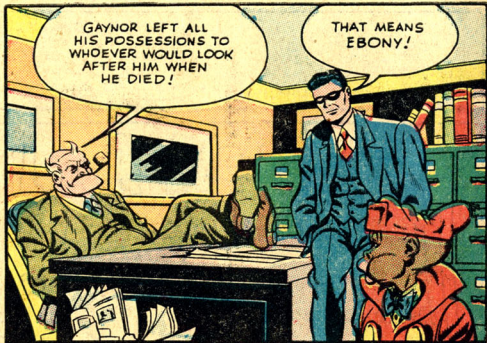






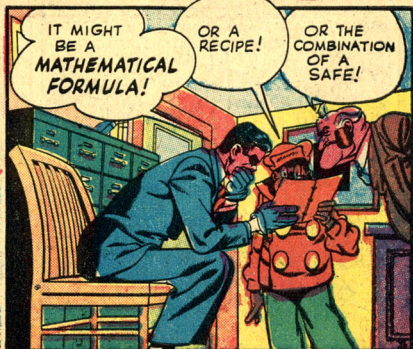
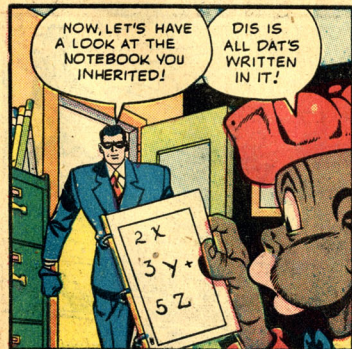


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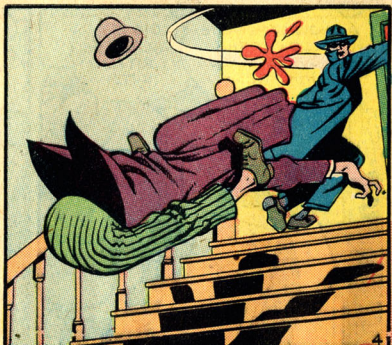
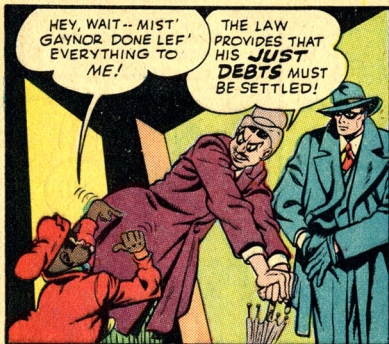
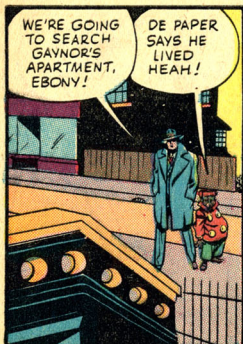


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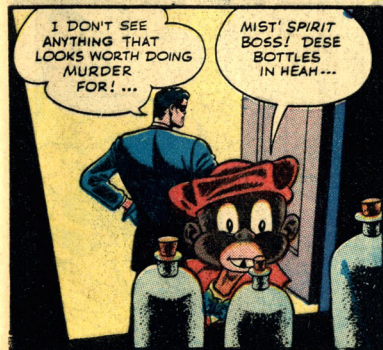
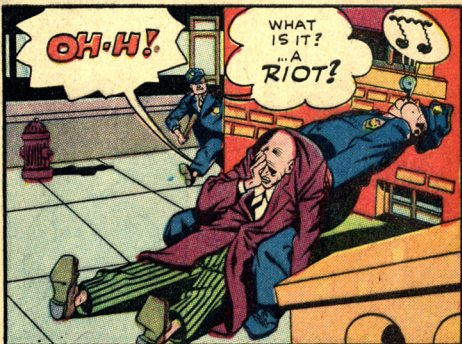


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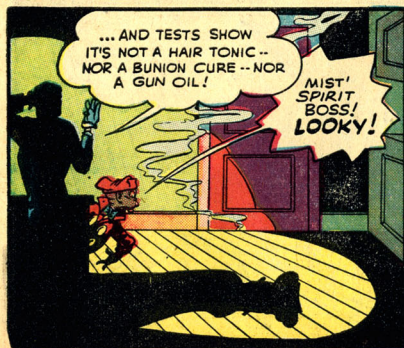
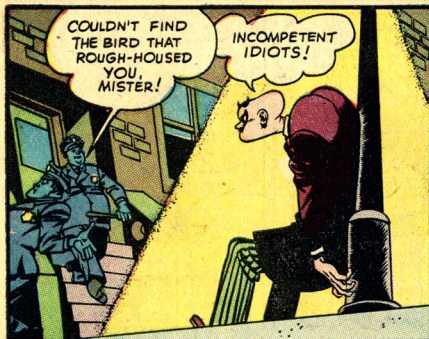


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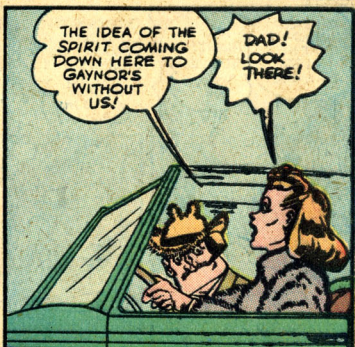
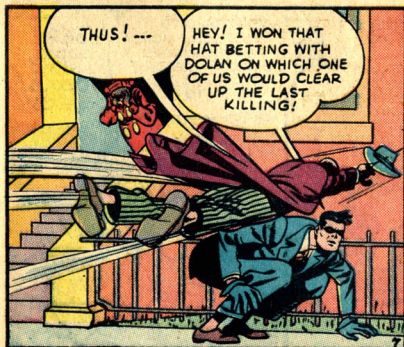


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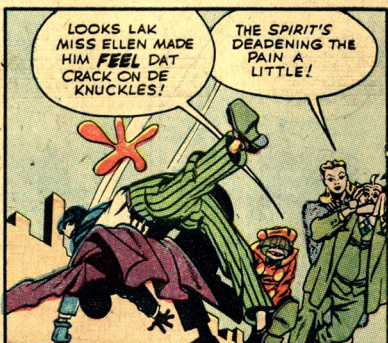
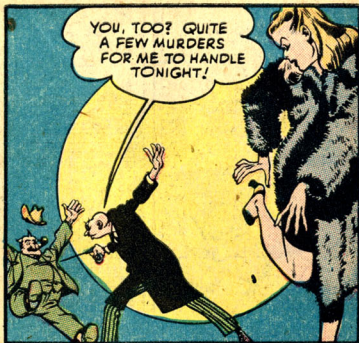




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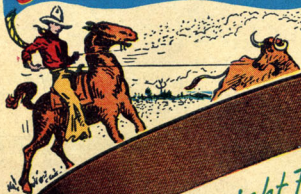








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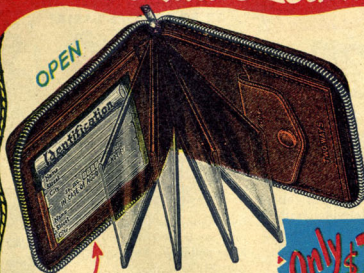
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SECRET POCKET



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Order the Belt and Billfold together as a matching set. Special price for the set only \$4.69 plus 60c Federal Tax on the Billfold. Makes an ideal gift.



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- ☐ Send me the Antique Finish Cowhide Belt @ \$1.98 (Belt sizes from 28 to 46). This is my belt size.
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- ☐ Send me the Belt and the Billfold as a set @ special price of \$4.69 plus 60c Tax on the Billfold (total \$5.29).

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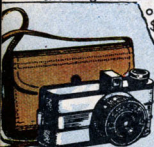
☐ I am enclosing full payment in advance with this order to save all shipping charges.



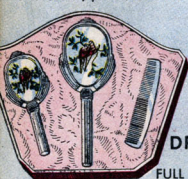
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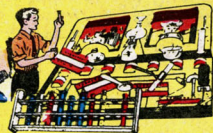
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Attaches  
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Boys! Here's a  
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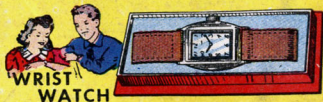
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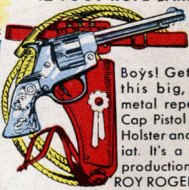
A big, husky  
**HUNTING KNIFE,**  
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Has serrated edge,  
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Sell one  
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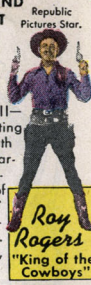


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**FLATTERMANN**